



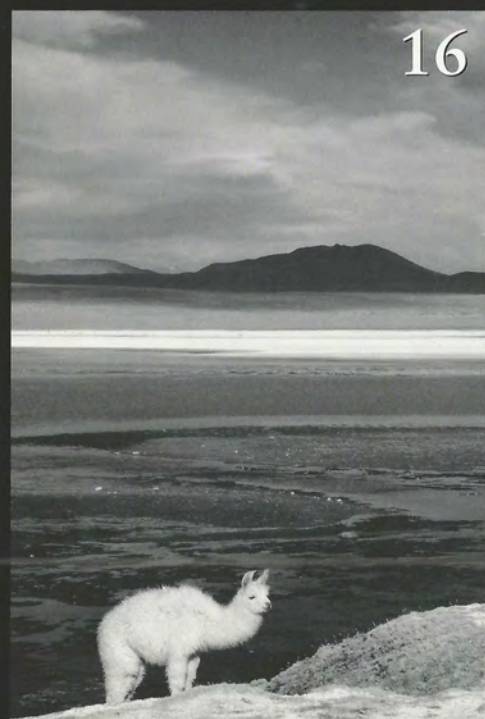
etc.  
magazine

# Beyond City Limits

**Passport to Machu Picchu, Patagonia and Angkor Wat  
Following Rams into Bear Country  
The New Gay Migration**

etc.  
magazine

FALL 2005





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Cover photo: The trail to Machu Picchu, by Sandra Reid

Back cover photo: Kevin Hines looking back at the Golden Gate Bridge, by Dan Eldridge

Opposite page photos (clockwise from top right): Peter Varshavsky, John Dunbar/UC Berkeley, Peter Varshavsky, Peter Varshavsky, Sandra Reid, and Peter Varshavsky

## Letter from the Editor

As students, most of us are burning the candle at both ends — juggling school and work. It can be a challenge to find time for a break. A vacation — the ultimate pause — even tougher.

In this issue, we found ourselves yearning for and reflecting on the lackadaisical days. Sandra Reid has chronicled her experiences traveling around the world as a backpacker. Unlike the slide shows and stories you hear from friends and family, that most of us liken to a form of medieval torture, Sandra has structured her piece in such a way that you can't help but linger on her photos and anecdotes. If you can find a way to stash away some extra cash, Sandra can help you sift through the world's most popular sights and roughest terrain.

In a city like San Francisco, there is plenty to do when the paycheck-to-paycheck lifestyle leaves nothing for the savings account. If you can find a day to yourself, Mercedes Segesvary can map out a day of inexpensive sightseeing in your own backyard. From a thoughtful visit to the Holocaust Memorial to a lively open-mic at the Bazaar Café, the tourist experience in San Francisco is as diverse as its people. The only requirements: a bike and a few extra bucks for cappuccinos along the way.

Sadly, one of the city's most popular tourist stops has a much darker history — especially for us here at City College. The Golden Gate Bridge, one of the most coveted destinations in the world, is also one of the most popular suicide locations in the world. Dan Sankey has detailed the stories of two of our classmates who found the allure of ending their lives at the famous bridge too tempting to resist. Their stories ultimately bring the city-wide suicide barrier debate home to us.

Within these pages, we explore the impact of students on our community and the world around us. The education we attain from our experiences beyond campus grounds prove as valuable as the education for which we pay \$26 per unit. Bringing all we each have to offer, in a city as culturally rich as San Francisco, is what makes City College the unique and exciting school it is.

*Christi Chidester*  
*December 2005*



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# A Loss for the Fog

By Chris Stafford

Last semester *etc.* magazine profiled former City College student and current Noe Valley Republican, Harry Aleo, and the accelerating career of his thoroughbred, *Lost in the Fog*.

*Etc.* photographer Peter Varshavsky captured the overwhelming victory of *Fog* this October at Bay Meadows in front of more than 8,000 fans—double the regular Sunday crowd. Aleo had the air of a paparazzi-infused rockstar; everyone wanted to catch a glimpse of him.

Since *Fog*'s racing career began, the descendent of War Admiral—one of *Seabiscuit*'s fallen opponents—has been tirelessly compared to the Bay Area's depression-era hero. But *Fog* and *Seabiscuit*'s stories had lacked one common element, a loss.

That was, until the 10-for-10 *Fog* came out on the track in Belmont, New York, on October 29.

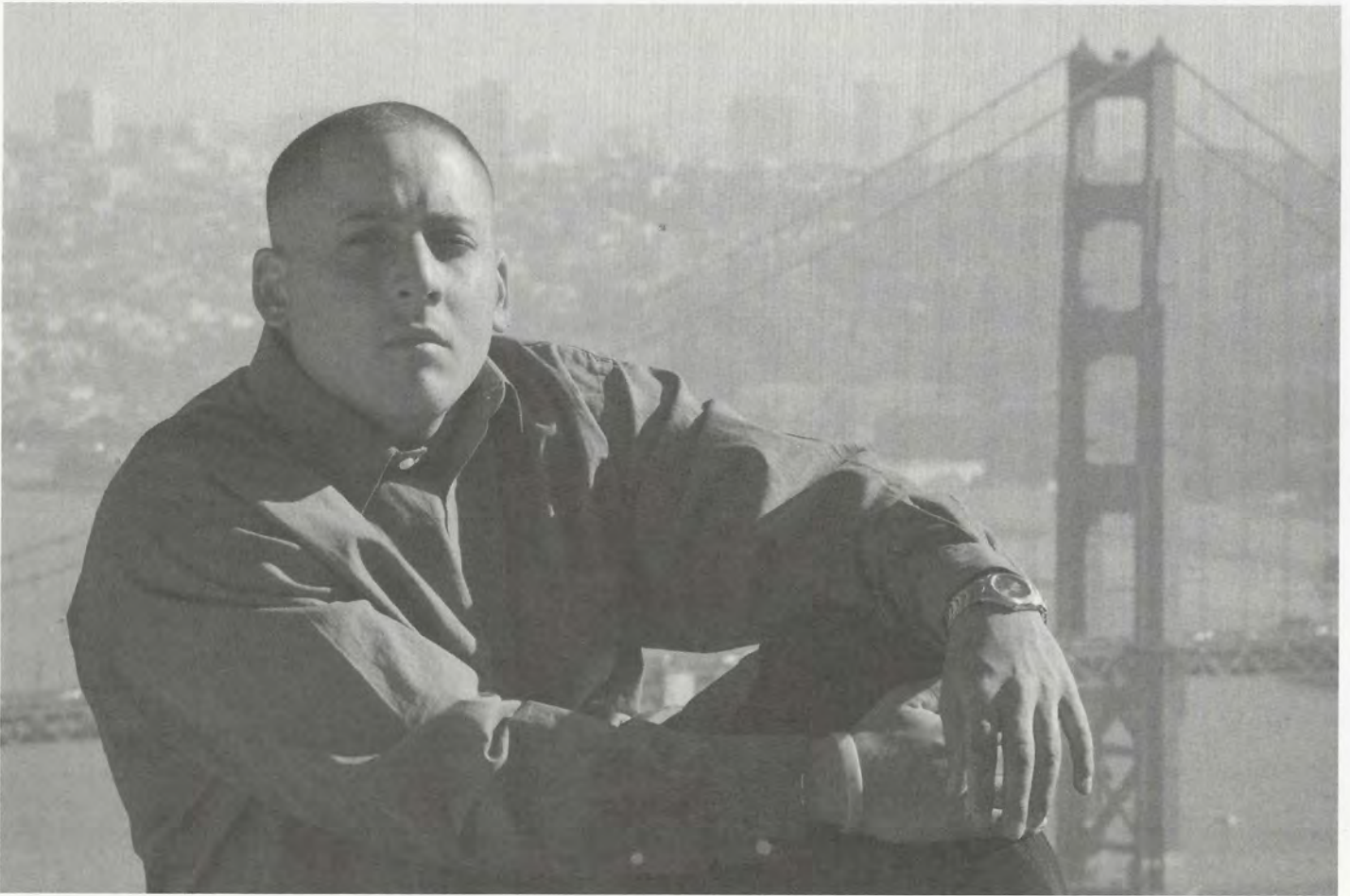
The six-furlong Breeder's Cup Sprint, a million-dollar stakes race, showed the world that the Bay Area's beloved thoroughbred was just a horse after all. After breaking ahead of the pack, just as he had done ten times before, *Fog* experienced his first loss—a seventh place finish in a field of eleven.



The legacy of *Fog* is still hazy. *Seabiscuit* defeated War Admiral at the age of five, and continued to race until he was seven. All told, he won just 33 of 89 starts. But *Seabiscuit* was able to rise to the occasion, and win in impossible situations. *Fog* has a great start—what will happen in the final stretch will be left for history to decide.

Right now *Lost in the Fog* is on sabbatical, in his birth-state of Florida. Trainer Greg Gilchrist has said that *Fog* won't be back racing until sometime in April. *Fog* will be a four-year-old by then, trying to get another streak going. Whatever the outcome, Aleo will be there alongside his phenomenon with every gallop. *q*





*Kevin Hines, a City College student, survived a jump off the Golden Gate Bridge five years ago when he was 19 years old.*

# After the Fall

**By Dan Sankey**

**K**evin Hines and Osaze Tolo Price had two things in common — both were City College students and both jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge. One lived. One died. Kevin was 19 when he jumped, Tolo was 20.

Tolo's body is still missing. He was last seen on the bridge on June 17 and is presumed dead. Only his backpack and ID were found.

Tolo's story was pieced together by friends and family.

Kevin lived to tell his story — what he felt that day and why he did what he did.

Adopted at the age of nine months, Kevin grew up in the West Portal district and attended Riordan High School, where he played football.

Struggling for years with bipolar disorder, he decided to jump off the bridge five years ago.

The morning of Sept. 25, 2000, came after a sleepless night. Kevin was writing a suicide note. "I wrote eight letters," he says, "till I found the one I liked." He was trying to figure out how to tell his family, "I love you, I'm sorry, please forgive me."

In the morning, Kevin's father could see he was troubled. He asked if he could take Kevin to work with him that day.

"I said I felt much better, knowing what I had decided to do," he said.

Kevin agreed to let his dad drive him to school. "I kissed him goodbye and said 'I love you,' like I always did, like I still do," he said.



After ditching class at City College, he took the K-Ingleside streetcar to West Portal, bought Skittles and Starbursts candies at Walgreens and then took the 28-19th Avenue bus to the bridge.

Walking along the bridge he broke down and cried.

"I had told myself that if anyone asked me what was wrong, I would tell them everything," he said.

Near the first tower a young, attractive German woman approached and asked him to take a picture of her and a friend.

"All I could think is, 'Lady, I'm about to jump off the bridge and you want a picture? Fuck this, no one cares!'" he said. He took a couple of pictures for her and gave back the camera. Then he walked to the traffic side of the walkway to get a running start, ran up to the railing and threw himself over.

"As soon as my hands left the rail I thought, 'I don't want to die,'" he said.

Plummeting headfirst, Kevin tried to point his feet down in the 3.5 seconds it takes to fall the 22 stories to the water. He was able to throw his head back and rotate into an upright-seated position, before hitting the water at about 75 mph.

He never lost consciousness. From about 50 feet below the surface, he swam up using only his arms — his legs didn't work.

As he came up for air, looking back up at the bridge, he couldn't believe he was still alive. Or how small the bridge looked from the water.

He was bobbing up and down in the numbing water, fighting the currents to stay alive, when he felt something brush his leg. It bumped him again and then circled beneath him. He thought it was a shark.

"Well you wanted to die...", he said.

Then he realized, "No, I lived; I can live."

The Coast Guard arrived quickly and pulled his limp, chilled body from the bay.

Witnesses later told him that they saw a seal near him in the water. They claimed it appeared like the seal was holding him up. "I don't know if that's true," Kevin said. "But I don't believe in coincidences anymore."

He was taken to Marin General Hospital in critical condition. "I was given a 50-50 chance of surviving the night," Kevin said.



Photo by Jose Padilla

*Osaze Tolo Price, a senator on the student council at City College, worked as a sound technician at the Student Union. He was last seen on the bridge on June 17 and is still considered a missing person.*

Of the estimated 1,300 people who have jumped off the bridge in its 69 years of existence, only two percent have lived. Like the other 26 people who survived the fall, Kevin will always have the physical and emotional scars to remind him of what he did.

"I'd heard the bridge was the easiest way," Kevin said. "I thought you just hit the water and died."

His father, Pat Hines, arrived to find Kevin awake in the emergency room and still strapped to the flat-board stretcher the Coast Guard brought him in on. "I'm sorry," Kevin said. Tears filled Pat's eyes.

His mother Debbie Hines, a public health nurse, was in Oakland attending a class called "Understanding Depression" when her daughter called. Libby, Kevin's older sister, told her about his jump.

When Debbie arrived Kevin was hallucinating, sedated on morphine and off his bipolar medication. "He was a mess psychologically," Debbie said. "He was staring at the ceiling. He saw awful faces, still telling him he was bad."



# “As soon as my hands left the rail I thought, ‘I don’t want to die.’ ”

– Kevin Hines

His then 13-year-old brother, Joseph, was furious. “Why would you do this to us?” his brother demanded.

“I thought I was doing it for them,” Kevin said. “To save them from having to worry about me. I didn’t realize that after I was gone they would keep worrying.”

He spent more than four weeks in Marin General. He needed surgery to rebuild his lower back, using a titanium “cage” and plate to remake two vertebrae and attach a rib. He then transferred to St. Mary’s Hospital, where he spent another four weeks.

Today Kevin is an activist in suicide prevention and often speaks with youth groups. “I’ve told my story so many times and I still ask, ‘Why did I live?’”

He is adamant about the need for a suicide barrier on the Golden Gate Bridge.

## Osaze Tolo Price’s story

Osaze Tolo Price is still considered a missing person. Not much is known about his last day.

Keith Herman, a classmate and friend, dropped Tolo off at his home on the last day of classes. “I feel like I’m never going to see you again,” Tolo said. “Don’t worry we’ll see each other next semester,” Herman responded. They never did see each other again.

Tolo’s aunt, Janice Avery, a psychologist for the Family Mosaic Project in Bayview, last saw him at his cousin’s birthday party. “There’s a lot about him we didn’t know,” she said. “But the root of his problems started in Belize.”

Born in Belize, Central America, Tolo moved to San Francisco when he was 15. He lived with his grandmother and uncle in the Excelsior district. His mother still lives in Belize. His father died when he was a young boy. He had two half siblings, a brother in Los Angeles and a sister in New York City.

“His family was not aware of his sexual identity. His mother knew, but she didn’t tell us,” his aunt said.

He told no one on campus either. “I think it’s an issue when you’re young, black and gay,” Avery said. She always thought he would achieve great things after all he had endured.

“There were many problems ... his mother wasn’t there for  
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him,” she said. “He was trying to reach out to her.”

Last spring, Tolo was elected to the Associated Students Council at City College. He worked for the Family Resource Center on campus doing public outreach. He was enrolled in Poetry for the People and helped reestablish the Black Student Union on campus.

“I think he had a real social consciousness,” said C.H. “Skip” Fotch, the Associate Dean of Student Activities at City College.

Tall with a husky build, Tolo was easily recognized on campus, especially when wearing a large Afro wig.

“‘What’s up with the big Afro?’ I asked him,” said Tracey Faulkner of the Family Resource Center. “He told me it was to call attention to him for the election, but he wore it well after that.”

Those who knew him didn’t notice the warning signs. “He was always smiling and cheerful,” Faulkner said. “He was like a big puppy.”

“He had this great smile, and looking in his eyes you could just tell how much he cared,” Herman said. “He was a great listener.”

Tolo worked to get more funding and aid for the Family Resource Center, which started as a group of welfare moms helping one another while going to school. The women took Tolo in, Faulkner said.

“We couldn’t help but feel like we had done something wrong (in not seeing the warning signs),” she said. “We’re a support center, a family, we’re supposed to help. But (unfortunately) there’s no turning back.”

“So many people are overly simplistic as to the whys of suicide,” said Fotch, who has counseled many students and is an expert on the subject.

“Everyone close to (Tolo) questioned themselves, but there’s no way to know. The patterns were not there to sufficiently explain it.”

Fotch and Steve Ibarra, a Poetry for the People classmate of Tolo’s, organized two memorial services — one in July

**See After the Fall, Page 31**



# Rams in Bear Territory

By Miles Harwell

A quarterback and a middle linebacker. One from Marin, the other from Hunter's Point. They became friends at City College. Together they led the Rams football team to the junior college National Championship in 2003. Both were named junior college All-Americans.

They were planning to transfer to Division I schools. Instead, they were recruited on football scholarships and now play for the Cal Bears.

Joseph Ayoob is 6-foot-3, 218 pounds; a flashy quarterback, who moves like a cheetah on the field.

Desmond Bishop is 6-foot-2, 245 pounds; a bulky middle linebacker who does the "dirty work" for the team.

In their first year at Cal, Ayoob and Bishop quickly learn the difference between playing Division I football in the Pac-10 and playing at the junior college level in the Coast Conference.

## Ayoob's struggle

For Ayoob, a junior, the 2005 season began with a disappointing 0-for-10 passing performance against Sacramento State, when he was called off the bench to replace the injured starting freshman quarterback, Nathan Longshore. Although Ayoob put up impressive statistics for the 2005 season — passing for 1,609 yards and 15 touchdowns, and rushing 161 yards and five touchdowns — he struggled throughout the season.

"He had his good moments, and he had his not so good moments," said his father, Joseph Ayoob Sr., who starred as captain and point guard for the Clemson University basketball team in the mid-1960s.

Except for the opener and the Big Game, Ayoob Jr. started every contest. After leading Cal to a strong 5-0 start — where they were ranked as high as 9th nationally — the Golden Bears lost four of their last six games of the season. Toward the end of the season, Cal fans were booing Ayoob's performance at Berkeley's Memorial Stadium after he threw interceptions, failed to get first downs and missed scoring opportunities.

"I didn't think the booing was appropriate at all — for my son or anyone else's son," Ayoob Sr. said. "That type of behavior is not appropriate anywhere in college sports."

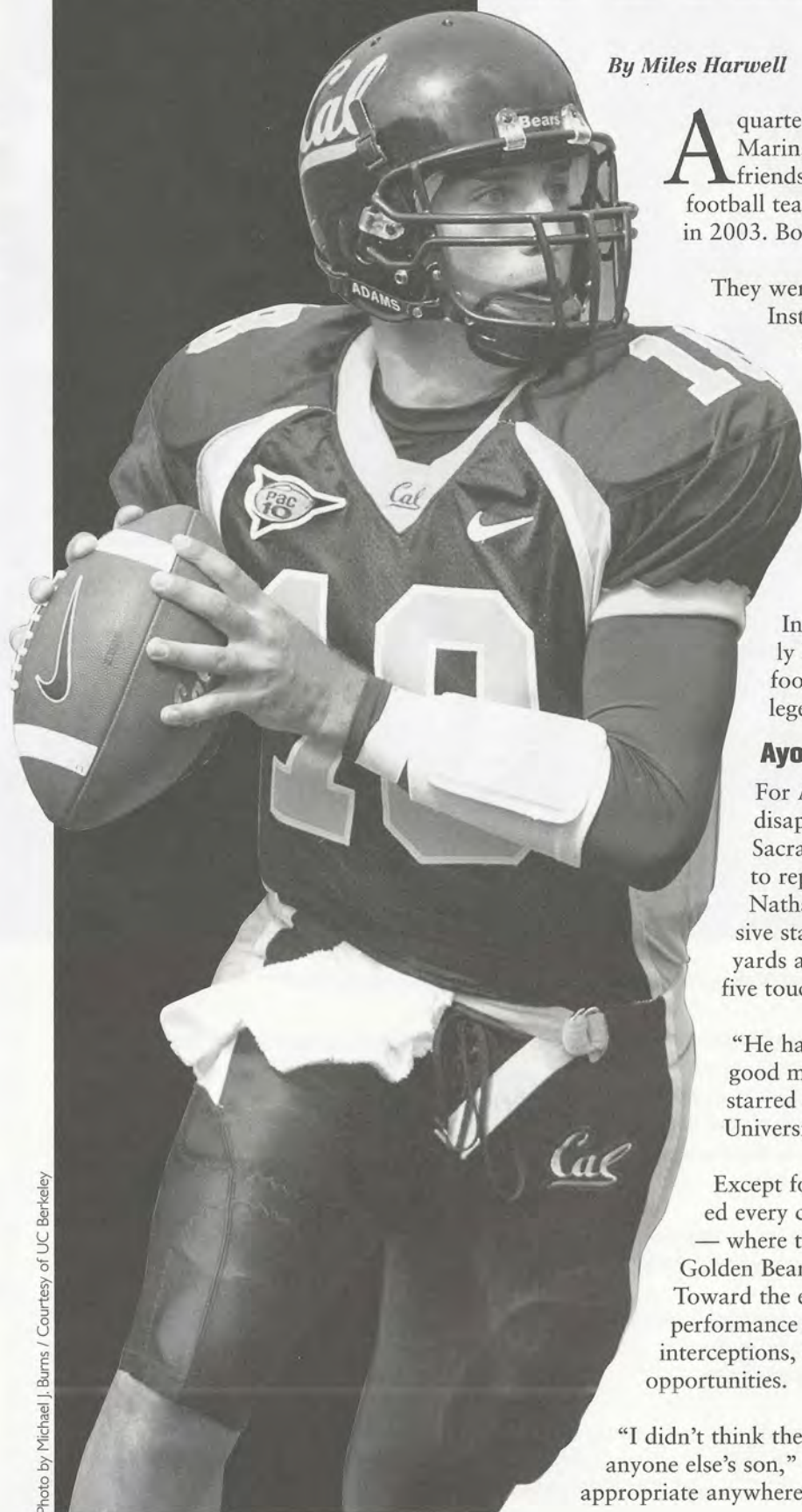


Photo by Michael J. Burns / Courtesy of UC Berkeley



"It wasn't that fun being booed," Ayoob said. "But in the end, the fans are entitled to their own opinion. I know I have people who support me regardless, so I just tried to shake it off and block them out."

Ayoob threw 11 of his 14 interceptions of the season in his last five starts.

"At City College, there weren't really any expectations of me. It was more just about playing football," Ayoob said. "At Cal there are more expectations, and I'm working to live up to them now."

"He handled the disappointments extremely well," his father said. "He supported his teammates and faced the press in a forthright manner."

Ayoob sat out the majority of the Golden Bear's final contest — the 108th Big Game against Stanford, which Cal won 27-3 — playing only the final moments. His friend, tailback Steve Levy, started in his place. For the season Cal finished with a 7-4 record.

"It was disappointing not being able to play in the last game of the season, but it was a relief for once not to be the one with all the pressure on him," Ayoob said. Despite competing for the same position, Ayoob and Levy supported each other all season.

Looking to next season, Ayoob is optimistic about the team's chances of winning the national title. "We're going to lose guys on the (offensive) line and on defense, but we have players ready to step in and contribute," Ayoob said. "We'll have a great team and a good chance to win the Pac-10."

### **Bishop's challenge**

"I had no expectations to come in and lead," Bishop said. "I just came over to work hard and show my teammates and coaches that I was ready to start."

Bishop, also a junior, was impressive  
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Photo by John Dunbar / Courtesy of UC Berkeley

*Desmond Bishop (No. 10) played middle linebacker for Cal.*

from the moment he stepped on the field in his first year at Cal. Accumulating a team-high 81 tackles, Bishop displayed little difficulty stepping in as the leader of the Golden Bear's defense.

"I just tried to stay poised and go hard every game," he said.

Bishop's greatest moment of the 2005 season was in the first game against Sacramento State.

"Just coming out and proving myself to be as good as I was at City College meant a lot," he said. "A lot of players

aren't as dominant when they move up to D-1, but I didn't have that problem."

Bishop's biggest disappointment came in Cal's first loss of the season against UCLA — a close game that was determined in the final seconds when the Bruins rushed two yards for a touchdown to win 47-40.

"I watched (Maurice) Drew run right by me," Bishop said. "I dove toward him, but couldn't stop him. That was the touchdown that won the game. Stuff like that you always remember, but can't change. You can only learn from it."





Photo by Colleen Cummins 2004



Photo by Nathan Weyland 2004

*Desmond Bishop, above left, and Joe Ayooob led the Rams football team to the junior college national championship in 2003. Now both play for the Cal Bears.*

**“At City College, there weren’t really any expectations for me. It was more just about playing football. At Cal there are more expectations, and I’m working to live up to them now.”**

**—Joe Ayooob**

Bishop was named to the All-Pac-10 Second Team, one of 13 Cal players honored for their performances.

He has trouble looking past the 2005 post season. “We’re talking about right now,” he said. The Bears face Brigham Young University in the Las Vegas Bowl on Dec. 22.

### **Remembering their roots**

People still talk about Ayooob’s glory days at City College, where he threw 55 touchdown passes for a total of 5,790 yards, completing 61 percent of his passes. He led the Rams to a 23-1 record over the span of two years and

was named the offensive player of the game in two national title games.

“The caliber of athletes around him helped him out a lot,” his father said.

Ayooob’s cherished memories at City College included living in the Hillcrest Apartments in Daly City, where many City College football players live.

“I had a great time,” Ayooob said, “between hanging out with friends and playing football, it was a positive experience.”

Living at Hillcrest with other teammates, Ayooob remembers coming home to play “NFL Madden 2005” and scrimmaging against his roommates in the hallways.

“There were no parents around,” he said, “so there was plenty of time for us to be ourselves.”

Ayooob finds campus life different at Berkeley. There’s greater distance between him and his teammates, unlike at City College, where he would see his teammates every day. “The team chemistry isn’t as good,” he says.

At City College, football players go unnoticed. Ayooob said he is frequently stopped by students at Berkeley, who either congratulate him or ridicule him for his performance in a previous week’s game.

“It’s kind of weird,” he said. “But it’s cool, because in high school and at City I didn’t get that kind of recognition.”

Bishop agrees. “More people here know about school sports.”

**See Bears, Page 31**



# From Fires to Floods

By Scott Satterthwaite

**B**efore Hurricane Katrina hit, Waveland, Mississippi, looked a bit like the Marina Green in San Francisco, but with old southern mansions by its shoreline surrounded by mature scrub oaks, cedars, spruce, pines and pecan trees.

San Francisco Fire Chief Mark Kearney, whose battalion district includes City College, said he saw the disaster along the Gulf Coast unfold on television but did not fully comprehend the magnitude of the destruction until he and his relief team arrived in Mississippi.

The eye of the hurricane went right through Waveland. The highest point in the town is only 35 feet above sea level.

A lot of old timers stayed because they had made it through Hurricane Camille in '69, Kearney said. But the storm surge from Camille was only 32 feet.

"The wall of water from the storm surge of Katrina was 52 feet," Kearney said. "It knocked out all the houses along the water front."

Katrina caused unprecedented damage over a 90,000-square-mile area and is now considered the worst natural disaster in U.S. history.

"With only 15 helicopters, they rescued over 6,800 people off roof tops," Kearney said. "They found bodies on top of K-Mart. The whole bayou area

was flooded 10 to 15 feet above normal. When we arrived, there were still 25-foot long boats left up in the tree branches."

During the days that followed the disaster, the Federal Emergency

were on an Atlanta-bound plane en route to FEMA's hurricane relief headquarters at NASA's Stennis Space Center in southern Mississippi. For the next 30 days, they would be employees of FEMA, and Stennis would be their home.



*Mark Kearney, a battalion chief in the San Francisco Fire Department and a City College alum, was part of a relief team that was sent to the Gulf Coast after Hurricane Katrina.*

Kearney, a San Francisco native now in his late forties, is a stocky man with a salt and pepper mustache and short-cropped hair. He grew up in Miraloma Park, went to Sacred Heart High School, and attended City College, graduating with an A.S. degree in construction management in 1977. After 24 years with the Fire Department, he is now a chief and the man in charge of battalion No. 9, which includes Station House 15, located on Ocean and Phelan just across the street from his alma mater.

Kearney first heard about the call from FEMA during a rescue training class on Treasure Island and wanted to volunteer. But first, he needed to talk it over with his wife, Tonja, and their teenage children, Matthew and Megan. He would be gone a month. He had never been away from his family that long. Both he and his wife agreed the kids were old enough now to handle it.

Management Agency put out a call across the country for relief volunteers. Chief Kearney was in charge of a team of 33 men and women sent by the San Francisco Fire Department to the Gulf Coast.

The storm struck on August 29. On September 10th, Kearney and his team

Forty-five miles east of New Orleans, the space center where he and his relief team were stationed had been damaged in the storm.

"We slept in air conditioned tents," he said. "One for men. One for women. One unisex. The temperature averaged between 100 to 107 degrees. And very

Photo by Scott Satterthwaite





Photo courtesy of Mark Kearney

*Chief Kearney, left, was in charge of a team of 33 men and women sent by the San Francisco Fire Department to the Gulf Coast.*

humid. We went through three T-shirts a day."

It was a struggle just to stay hydrated. Some guys didn't and ended up getting an IV drip. FEMA supplied trailers with showers, food and laundry service.

Before going out into the surrounding communities, volunteers were given sensitivity training about local customs.

"These are church going people," Kearney was told. "Be respectful. Always use ma'am and sir. They've got more churches down here than schools."

The San Francisco firefighters were divided up and sent with other teams to New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Montgomery and parts of Florida. Kearney's group was assigned to Waveland and Bay Saint Louis, Mississippi, a predominantly white, middle class community. "They didn't want charity," Kearney said.

By the time they were deployed, the search and rescue operation was over.

"We started doing community relations work, knocking on doors and seeing if people had special medical needs, letting them know where to get shots," Kearney says.

"Many were living in (unsafe) houses they shouldn't have been in. Some didn't have houses at all any more. They wanted to know where the (FEMA) trailers were."

Kearney's group assisted the Red Cross, distributing water, ice and hygiene products. At FEMA's points of distribution, they did the same as well, handing out ready-to-eat meals and coordinating distribution of donated clothes.

At the end of the first 10 days, Kearney's group hooked up with another firefighting squad from Laramie, Wyoming. Together, with FEMA-issued chain saws, they cleared away unsafe and fallen trees from around homes. The team from Laramie quickly demonstrated their experience.

"They really knew what they were doing," Kearney said. "They showed

us how to make proper cuts and how to use ropes to secure larger limbs from falling."

With a productive day's training under their belts, Kearney's team went out on their own. Removing hazardous over-hanging branches or entire trees often meant people could return home safely for the first time since the hurricane.

In Bay Saint Louis, Tanya Beltwell and her mother, Shirley Rose, were so grateful, they invited Kearney and his team over for supper. "The fish is frying. Come on over!" she said. Kearney and his team were treated to some authentic southern hospitality — fried corn meal battered catfish, hush puppies, potatoes and soda. The following evening they were invited to Rose's sister's house for chicken gumbo and pecan pie.

Kearney was invited into the backyard, where a hollowed-out tree had fallen several generations ago. He was told the family had hidden their silverware in it during the Civil War.

With more than 1,300 dead and \$34 billion in damages, Hurricane Katrina now tops the 1906 San Francisco earthquake and fire as the biggest natural disaster in U.S. history. The 1906 quake and fire killed an estimated 3,000 people, and destroyed 28,000 buildings. The rebuilding cost was over a half a billion in 1906 dollars.

Kearney filed a Disaster Preparedness Report when he returned home. He noted that New Orleans lost its cell-phone and land-line phones, along with their radio system, which adversely affected rescue and relief efforts.

Most geologists in California agree that a quake as strong or stronger than the 1906 quake will hit the city within the next 25 years. Kearney hopes to apply the lessons learned from the Gulf Coast relief effort to help the city prepare for that eventuality. *Q*



# Roots of Dance





Nearly 1,000 seats at the Palace of Fine Arts Theater will be filled with patrons who've paid up to \$100 to watch the San Francisco Ethnic Dance Festival over three weekends this June. Considered one of the country's most important ethnic dance events, World Arts West hosts the festival to promote, preserve and showcase folk and traditional dance from around the world.

The theme for this year's festival is "Intersections: Time, Place and Spirit." The first weekend of the festival explores time — how cultural dance traditions evolve through the past and future. The second weekend focuses on place — the sense of home and cultural bonds through dance and music. And the third weekend's theme is spirit — dance that evokes the realm of spirits and the spirit of humanity.

Scottish step, classical South Indian dance, Portuguese folkloric, ancient hula, flamenco, Tahitian, clog dance, Romani and dozens of other eclectic dance forms have filled the stage of the Ethnic Dance Festival over the years...

"Our goal is to support all the incredible artists in our region with as much integrity and good presentation as we can," says Artistic Director Isabel Fine. "We only regret that our resources can only support three weekends."

While Fine is exhilarated each year to see all the hard work come together at the festival in June, her favorite thing is the auditions, which are open to the public. "It's such a community event, and you get to see all kinds of people. The masters perform right next to new groups.

"It's incredible what diversity we have in this area, and that's really represented in the auditions," she says. "There are 70-75 distinct dance styles from about 30 different cultures. It's really overwhelming."

Hundreds of dancers, choreographers, musicians and dance lovers pour through the doors of the McKenna Theater at San Francisco State University every January to watch a day of audition performances for \$5. About a hundred troupes and soloists from around the world will try out over the second two weekends of January.

After the staff looks at the scores to select the top performers, they create a show that incorporates a wide variation of styles — village, traditional, ritual, folkloric or classical, soloists or troupes. They try to present a diverse range of cultures and nationalities. The staff also tries to make room for new performers each year.

Gail Barton, chair of CCSF's dance department, has judged several past auditions. While some talented performers complain about being passed over, Barton says, "people will always

ing. The grainy photo is proof that Barton had the same long, wild blond hair and devotion to dance then as she does now.

While Khadra was devoted to authenticity in the reproduction of folk dance, other troupes borrow from several cultures for a creative amalgamation of traditional dance forms.

A festival favorite, Fat Chance Belly Dance, is considered one of the most influential troupes involved in a strong new cultural area of American dance — American Tribal Style belly dance. Different from the typical belly dance that most people are familiar with, Fat Chance incorporates modified dance moves from various Persian, Arabic and Romani forms, with Tunisian, Turkish, Egyptian and Algerian influence.

The troupe's leader, Carolena Nariccio, built a unique style involv-

come to realize it's fair."

Barton danced at the first festival held back in 1978, when it was performed in several venues around the city. Dozens of eclectic dance forms — Scottish step, classical South Indian dance, Portuguese folkloric, ancient hula, flamenco, Tahitian, clog dancing and Romani — have been staged over the years.

Barton's pale blue eyes, magnified behind her thick-rimmed red glasses, widened as she flipped through her program from the first San Francisco Ethnic Dance Festival.

The old semi-gloss booklet featured a photo of her in 1978 with her troupe, Khadra, which performed various dance styles including Turkish, Appalachian, Scottish, and clog danc-

ing several dancers on stage in a lead-follow format. Using a semi-circle formation, one dancer in the center leads the troupe. Dancers improvise changes as they go. The result: spontaneous choreography. The troupe's costume is a full skirt over harem pants: rich fabrics of velvets, wools, and brocades in intricate colors and patterns of North Africa and the Middle East with a choli or an opulent coin-bra on top. Their hair is covered in a fabric head-dress, while their neck, ears and arms are weighted with wood, bone beads and heavy metal jewelry.

One of Fat Chance Belly Dance's founding members, Jill Parker, danced with the group at the festival several times. She has also performed at the festival with flamenco dancer Carola Zertuche

**See Roots of Dance, Page 29**



# Hometown Tourist

By Mercedes Segesvary

**S**kyscrapers. Monterey pines. Bridges. Multi-cultural neighborhoods. Breathtaking views. A population of 750,000 people. Nude beaches. More than 20 parks. Over 38 museums. Modern art. Classical art. Hippie history.

Grab your day pack, lunch, bottled water, wallet, student ID, a sweat-shirt and city bus map. San Francisco has plenty to see and do for the local resident with a tourist's heart on a student's budget. Bring your imagination and keep an open mind for a one-day cross-town bicycle tour of San Francisco.

## 7:30 a.m. Legion Of Honor

The entrance to Lincoln Park, at 34th and Clement, is surrounded by small cafés and restaurants on one side and a children's park on the other. Pedaling up tree lined Legion of Honor Drive through the rolling green hills of Lincoln Golf Course you see the tip of the Legion of Honor off in the distance.

It's a bit of a trek uphill but the view from the Legion's observation point/parking lot makes it worth the effort. It offers a rare perspective of the city skyline, the Golden Gate Bridge, and an expansive view of the Outer Richmond and Sunset districts.

Lock the bike at the designated bike posts near the handicapped parking for a quick peek inside the Legion's column-lined courtyard. Take a moment to meditate beside Rodin's Thinker, a heroic brass sculpture in the middle of the courtyard. The Legion, built to honor Californians who lost their lives in France during World War I, features such classical works as Monet's painting "The Grand Canal," Edgar Degas' sculpture "Trotting Horse," or Wassily Kandinsky's untamed "Orange." A lovely little café downstairs over-

looks the Pacific and offers an organic menu that changes daily. If it was Tuesday and there was more time, one could easily step inside the Legion of Honor free.

Be sure to wander down to the north end of Legion Of Honor Drive, a little past El Camino Del Mar, where the view opens up onto Land's End, the Marin Headlands, an uncommonly beautiful view of the Golden Gate Bridge and Baker Beach. Naked bodies at Baker's nude beach can not be seen from here with the naked eye. Note to self, pack some binoculars for the next outing. On the way back to the bicycle take a moment to stop at the outdoor Holocaust Memorial on the left. Time to stop and think.

## 8:45 a.m. Sutro Baths

Next stop, Golden Gate National Recreation Area's Sutro Baths. Head north on Legion of Honor Drive, turn left on El Camino Del Mar past the car barrier and continue on this closed portion of road to Observation Point, where you can see Point Lobos and Seal Rock Beach. Take a right at Point Lobos Avenue. Just before this road transforms into the Great Highway, stop. Hike down to the ruins of the Sutro Baths, but watch your step. Opened in 1896 by Mayor Adolph Sutro and later bought in 1964 by developers with plans for high-rise apartments, the baths burned down in 1966. The ruins — seven freshwater and saltwater swimming pools, once housed in glass — became part of the GGNRA in 1973. Smell the fresh ocean air and view the historic Cliff House, built in 1863. Once a thriving getaway for San Francisco residents, the Sutro Baths and the Cliff House are a common stop for tourists and nature lovers, but Sutro Heights Park, across the street, is a little less traveled and just as beautiful.



Illustration By Mercedes Segesvary





### 9:30 a.m. Golden Gate Park

Fly down south along the Great Highway enjoying the ocean air. Stop at Fulton Street and cross over to the northwest corner of Golden Gate Park, where we'll begin our trek east through the park.

San Francisco is a sporty city and the park reflects this. Soccer, fly fishing, running, archery, horseback riding, cycling, water cycling, lawn bowling, golf, frisbee, frisbee golf, Tai Chi, fan dancing, roller skating, trick biking, dancing, roller hockey, baseball and hula hooping are among the activities you'll see throughout the week.

Take a couple of easy hours to bicycle these lovely grounds. Follow the road from John F. Kennedy Drive, which takes you past Golden Gate Golf Course and North Lake. Continue past Chain of Lakes Drive East and check out the Bison on your left. Then take a quick right into the Angler's lodge. Bring the bike with you and stop a moment to sit and snack by the tranquil fly-casting pools. Three concrete pools allow avid fly casters to practice their aim into various colored and sized hoops. This is an excellent spot to get lost in the soft whirling sounds of fishing line flying through

the air in a rhythmic motion.

Getting away from the main roads, cross over to the northeast side of the pools and look for a hidden trail. Follow it about 30 feet and take a left onto the short steep uphill pedestrian path. At the top of the hill, look down upon the expansive polo fields. On a Saturday or Sunday, catch a rowdy city-league soccer match or two.

Continue on the asphalt road that hugs the field on the south side along Speedway Meadow. Eventually the road merges again with JFK Drive. Turn east past Lloyd Lake on the left and follow JFK under the Cross Over Drive bridge. Plan a future visit to JFK Drive from Transverse Drive to East Conservatory Drive, which is closed to traffic on Sundays. Special activities include free swing and ball room dancing, marching bands, outdoor roller rinks and roller hockey, plus freedom to walk or bike the streets without cars.

### 11 a.m. Lunchtime

Take the Music Concourse Road south, away from JFK Drive, past the Japanese Tea Garden and the newly re-opened De Young Museum. At Martin Luther King Jr. Drive, cross

the street to the Arboretum. Daily free access allows us to lock up the bike and walk in for a quiet lunch.

If you need an after lunch pick-me-up, stroll through the Japanese Tea Garden and order "tea and cookies" for \$2.95. For something a little stronger, walk out along MLK Jr. Drive to 9th Avenue, where there's an array of restaurants, cafés and coffee shops.

At Lincoln Way and 9th, the Canvas Café is an excellent place for eavesdropping on chic conversation while sipping a mocha. Or, walk south along 9th past Irving Street and squeeze into the Beanery. At this mom-and-pop, the preferred single vanilla latte will put a bounce in your step. Here, even the decaf will get you going.

### 1 p.m. The Haight

With the sun overhead, it's time to move farther east. Biking along Lincoln Way, parallel to Golden Gate Park, make a left at Stanyan to meet up with the west end of Haight Street. Suddenly the streets become populated with the happily down-trodden, wandering poets and trend setters of San Francisco. Once a thriving hippie neighborhood, now a row of some of the most expensive clothing stores around. A stop is definitely in order and boy are we happy we brought our bike lock.

If today is one of those rare, warm San Francisco days, step into Crossroads or next door to Buffalo Exchange, where you can sell or trade in that extra sweatshirt, depending on who is behind the counter. Or find a \$5 "I'm with stupid —>" T-shirt. Grab it. Buy it. Wear it with pride. Take a look in Amoeba Music store and you just might find a \$3 used Marvin Gaye greatest hits CD. If you're shopping around for an "I Love San Francisco" tattoo, visit one of a handful of tattoo shops along Haight Street and compare prices. Step back in time on the corner of

**See Tour, Page 30**



# Destination Anywhere...

By *Sandra Reid*

In the time it took my tea to grow cold, I had hiked the Himalayas, explored the Lusitania and visited the pharaohs in ancient Egypt, all without leaving the comfort of my oversized, tattered armchair.

Dog-ears marked my favorite destinations. Piled high in my tiny San Francisco apartment sat stacks of glossy travel magazines that contained a world beyond my reach.

Five years later, I had traveled across five continents and visited 21 countries. Between March 2003 and June 2004 I traveled in Asia for three months and nine months later to Australia and South America, for another four months. I had worked 12-hour days for a year to save up \$10,000, which allowed me to budget about \$1,400 a month per

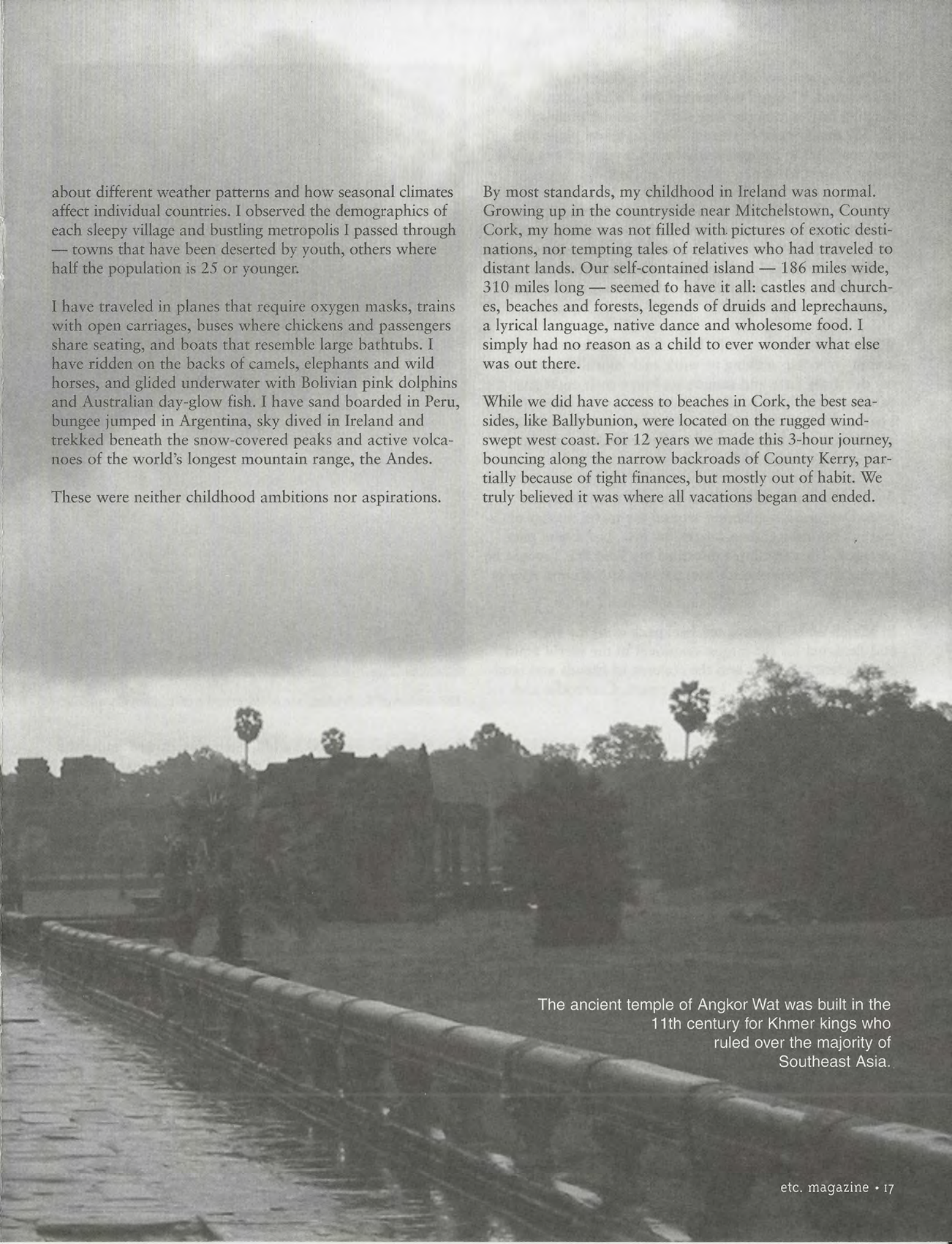
trip. Most student travelers spend about \$1,000 per month while abroad.

During my travels, I have become aware of the decline of Australia's Aborigines while bushwalking in the outback and learned of the atrocities committed by the Khmer Rouge under Pol Pot while silently walking through the killing fields of Cambodia.

Exploring ancient ruins and lost civilizations like Cambodia's Angkor Wat and Peru's Machu Picchu is no longer the sole domain of anthropologists but of open-minded travelers like myself, who are eager to learn from the past. I have been slapped in the face by overgrowth, tripped by the matted vines of the Amazon jungle and soaked by the tropical currents that move across South East Asia. On each adventure I explored another part of the world, learning







about different weather patterns and how seasonal climates affect individual countries. I observed the demographics of each sleepy village and bustling metropolis I passed through — towns that have been deserted by youth, others where half the population is 25 or younger.

I have traveled in planes that require oxygen masks, trains with open carriages, buses where chickens and passengers share seating, and boats that resemble large bathtubs. I have ridden on the backs of camels, elephants and wild horses, and glided underwater with Bolivian pink dolphins and Australian day-glow fish. I have sand boarded in Peru, bungee jumped in Argentina, sky dived in Ireland and trekked beneath the snow-covered peaks and active volcanoes of the world's longest mountain range, the Andes.

These were neither childhood ambitions nor aspirations.

By most standards, my childhood in Ireland was normal. Growing up in the countryside near Mitchelstown, County Cork, my home was not filled with pictures of exotic destinations, nor tempting tales of relatives who had traveled to distant lands. Our self-contained island — 186 miles wide, 310 miles long — seemed to have it all: castles and churches, beaches and forests, legends of druids and leprechauns, a lyrical language, native dance and wholesome food. I simply had no reason as a child to ever wonder what else was out there.

While we did have access to beaches in Cork, the best seashores, like Ballybunion, were located on the rugged windswept west coast. For 12 years we made this 3-hour journey, bouncing along the narrow backroads of County Kerry, partially because of tight finances, but mostly out of habit. We truly believed it was where all vacations began and ended.

The ancient temple of Angkor Wat was built in the 11th century for Khmer kings who ruled over the majority of Southeast Asia.



During the summer of 1998, as my 21st birthday approached, I begged my parents for a backpack and sleeping bag, something they didn't consider practical at all. My inner explorer stirred. With no travel plans and two years left in college, studying for my masters in physiology, I left it to fate to chart my course.

And then, like "Charlie in the Chocolate Factory", I won a golden ticket — the green card lottery — a visa to work in the United States. In October 2000, with the zippers of my backpack bulging, I immigrated to San Francisco, not with a city guide, but a tattered copy of "Romantic Days and Nights in San Francisco."

Within a few short months I was living the American dream — power-walking to work each morning gulping my decaf soy latte and sauntering home each night past the dancing neon lights of my neighborhood strip clubs. At 22, I had a chiropractor, a financial analyst, a masseuse, an accountant and a five-year plan that included a mortgage, auto payments and 401k.

But by November 2002, I had tossed out my five-year plan. Days later, wandering around the travel section of Stacey's bookstore, Asia caught my eye. And a new plan emerged. The next day, I informed my boss that I would be leaving for a three-month backpacking trip around Asia in the spring.

In March 2003, I swung my backpack onto my shoulders and departed for the largest continent in the world amid government warnings and the concern of friends and family. The itinerary: China, Laos, Vietnam, Cambodia and Thailand.

Almost 4 billion people reside in Asia and to my innocent eyes it seemed like they all lived in Beijing. I hired a guide and we spent the next five days exploring temples, pagodas and mausoleums. Bidding farewell to Beijing, I boarded a train to Shanghai, my white face a beacon towering over other passengers in the station.

Shanghai, the largest city in the world with 14 million people, was chaotic — buses packed, streets choked, restaurants mobbed. I meandered around the city each day, weaving in and out of huge crowds and dodging crazy drivers. Huge street signs and billboards loomed above, covered in what looked like childish scribbles, while my ears listened to a million conversations, but understood not a single word.

A few days later I traveled south to Laos and Vietnam. These laid-back countries seemed sleepy and empty compared to China. Locals spent hours lazing in hammocks or sprawled across the seat of their mo-peds, while half-naked children played tirelessly in the dusty streets.

Thailand, by comparison, seemed more charged. In



Photo courtesy Sandra Reid

*The author at Ta Prohm, one of the temples of Angkor, Cambodia.*

Bangkok, red and gold Buddhist temples glowed under the harsh sun, while monks walked single file through courtyards. At night, brassy Tuk-Tuk drivers and cunning ladyboys prowled the streets of Ko-san Road whispering "ping-pong show" beneath the pounding drums of the many bars and nightclubs. By day, one could wrap a boa constrictor around their shoulders or a fake Rolex around their wrist.

With 12 days remaining, I flew from Thailand into Cambodia's capital city Phnom Penh. Families of five on mo-peds made for two zoomed through the dusty streets, while an elephant wandered aimlessly through town. Traveling from Phnom Penh to Battambang by train, I was one of three phalange (an Asian word for foreigners) in a sea of brown cheeked Cambodians. The train, filled to capacity, was intended for cargo, forcing many Cambodians to sit for 12 hours under the penetrating sun in open carriages or on the roof. I arrived at Battambang station at nightfall, the trees outside our window alight with fireflies.

Battambang is divided from Siem Reap, home to the Temples of Angkor, by the Tonle Sap Lake. I boarded a





Photo by Sandra Reid

*The Atacama desert in northern Chile, surrounded by Andean volcanoes, at 12,000 feet above sea level is the driest place on earth.*

five-person tub that the Cambodians insisted on calling a 'boat' enroute to Angkor Wat. The next six hours were spent bailing water out of the tiny boat and chopping away the reeds that kept strangling the propeller.

Finally, I arrived in Siem Reap — wet, hungry and fatigued. My guides whisked me around the temples, ensuring I experienced every sunrise and sunset. These ruins remained partly undiscovered by the western world for centuries. They were built for Khmer kings between 802 and 1220 A.D., whose rule stretched from Vietnam to China to the Bay of Bengal.

With 290 temples spread across over 200 square miles, I traveled by mo-ped to see the 54 stone faces of Bayon, Ta Prohm, smothered by silk cotton trees, and the pink stones carvings of Bantaey Srei. Angkor Wat, the most photographed and least ravaged by time, features many open hallways and intact courtyards covered with intricate carvings and bas-relief designs that tell the stories of demons and gods, and the conquest of the powerful Khmer army.

Back in Battambang, I boarded a mini-bus back to Phnom

Penh, exhausted, sitting beside a little girl who munched on a bag of moist beetles.

Within 48 hours I was back in San Francisco. After searching for a taste of Southeast Asia that would lesson my separation anxiety, I discovered a great Vietnamese restaurant on Haight Street. Culture shock sated, I started planning my next trip.

Nine months later, in February 2004, my 35-pound backpack fully-loaded, I flew to Australia. This month-long trip began on Sydney's Bondi Beach, which was suffering the worst summer rains locals could remember. Several hundred miles away in Adelaide, I attended a glamorous wedding in sweltering 104 degrees heat before I headed by bus into Australia's barren outback to hike the Aboriginal Uluru (Great Pebble), formerly Ayres Rock. This colossal monolith, the largest in the world, is far from a pebble. Measuring 1.5 miles long and one mile wide, it is made up of mineral rich sandstone, which changes depending on the light. At sunrise and sunset, its color shifts from red to purple, orange, gray and yellow. As night fell, I slipped inside my swag and drifted to sleep under the Milky Way.



# The Last Leg...



Photo by Sandra Reid

*In Bolivia's Salar De Uyuni, the largest salt plain in the world, depth perception becomes distorted. The boot in the foreground dwarfs the people 10 yards back.*

We arrived at Cape Tribulation after a 48-hour bus ride. The next day, as we hiked through the cicada-filled rain-forest, dense with foliage that sagged with moisture, a hard rain began to fall. As people ran for shelter, my friend and I raced from the forest onto the beach, steam rising from our bodies into the humid air. In the distance, shades of the Great Barrier Reef were faintly visible.

From the warm Pacific waters we quickly loaded our stuff into a rental car and drove six hours south to Townsville. Awakened the next morning by the growing storm, we learned our scheduled deep-sea diving trip had been cancelled. We spent the rest of the day drowning our sorrows in an Irish pub as puddles collected in pot-holes outside.

By dawn we set sail, huge waves the only sign of the hurricane moving out to sea. As some passengers exhaled into brown bags, our captain stoically insisted the reef would be calm. We

passed the day diving and snorkeling surrounded by fish, turtles, sponges and sea cucumbers of iridescent colors in shallow, undulating waters.

Two days, two sleeping pills, and two flights later, I arrived in Buenos Aires, Argentina. After four nights of debauchery in the rave capital of South America where we danced all night in huge clubs whose ceilings opened at dawn to welcome the sunrise, I boarded a boat across the Rio Plata to Uruguay. Most of the hostels seemed to be run by old ladies who fed me, taught me Spanish, and chauffeured me around town.

Forty-eight hours later, I was wrapped in an emergency tin-foil blanket, fighting off the Patagonian winter in Southern Chile, where the average nighttime temperature in March can fall as low as 28 degrees. It was the first night of my unplanned and unprepared five-day trek into the Andes where I hiked with an experienced Canadian backpacker named

Wanda. Five days, 500 pictures and 50 miles later, we emerged from the Andes with swollen ankles, aching shoulders and a sense of spiritual rejuvenation.

By May we were staying in hostels in the world's driest desert, the Atacama in Northern Chile, and preparing to cross into Bolivia via the largest salt plains in the world, Salar de Uyuni. Driving thousands of miles across this brilliant white surface turned our pasty faces beet red despite using SPF 50 sun block. Sitting on top of Cactus Island, located in the middle of the plains and estimated to be five times the size of Switzerland, we soaked up the warm sun and the 360 degree views of blinding white salt.

From the cold depths of the Potosi mines to the sunny summit of one of Sorrates 13,000-foot peaks, to the anaconda infested waters of the Amazon jungle, my journey had come to an end.

After returning home to San Francisco a few weeks later, I settled back into my oversized, tattered armchair. Dressed in silk Thai fisherman pants, a Peruvian poncho loosely wrapped across my shoulders, I began to think about the past two years. From my immigration to the United States, to my travels and adventures across five continents, I had finally stepped outside my familiar world to spend time with strangers, experience harsh climates and eat food that is considered scrap to some but a means of survival to others.

For now, I have reinstated my five-year plan. Will it last this time? Who knows? In the meantime, I am content to curl up in my armchair and start reading a book I bought five years ago — "Romantic Days and Nights in San Francisco."

*For more information on how to plan backpacking adventures, contact Lonely Planet's Website at [www.lonelyplanet.com](http://www.lonelyplanet.com) or e-mail Sandra at [sreid13@hotmail.com](mailto:sreid13@hotmail.com).* ♣



# Cycling to City

By Francisca Rodriguez

**F**at tires, greasy chains, huffing up steep hills. Cycling to City College of San Francisco can test your muscles, nerves and knowledge of the city's side streets. For many it is a simple routine and way of life — the only way to commute to school and work.

The escalating cost of gas and mass transit and the lack of parking can put a strain on patience and the pocketbook. Many students and faculty have found stress relief by trading in four wheels for two and zooming to class by bike. There are added benefits to cycling besides just getting here — cycling is a low-impact aerobic exercise that burns about 500 calories per hour and it's a great way to stay fit.

For beginners, getting to any of the dozen City College campuses scattered around town can be an adventure. Though you may be familiar with the city's streets by car, taking to the shoulder by bike is a different matter. Let gravity be your guide. The affect of hills and elevation on the quadriceps must be taken into careful consideration. Luckily there is an entire matrix of bike routes that can make wheeling around town easier. The San Francisco Bike Map and Walking Guide is a great resource, showing off various bike routes and hiking trails with marked elevations.

The city landscape is just a gray blur when zooming down the freeway in a car — and there is so much more that can be seen over the handlebars of a bike than from a concrete tube in a subway train. Bike excursions are dotted with colorful shops, cafés, restaurants, clubs and fellow cyclists as the sights and sounds of the city come alive with each pedal rotation. The return trip on the opposite side of the road offers a totally different perspective.

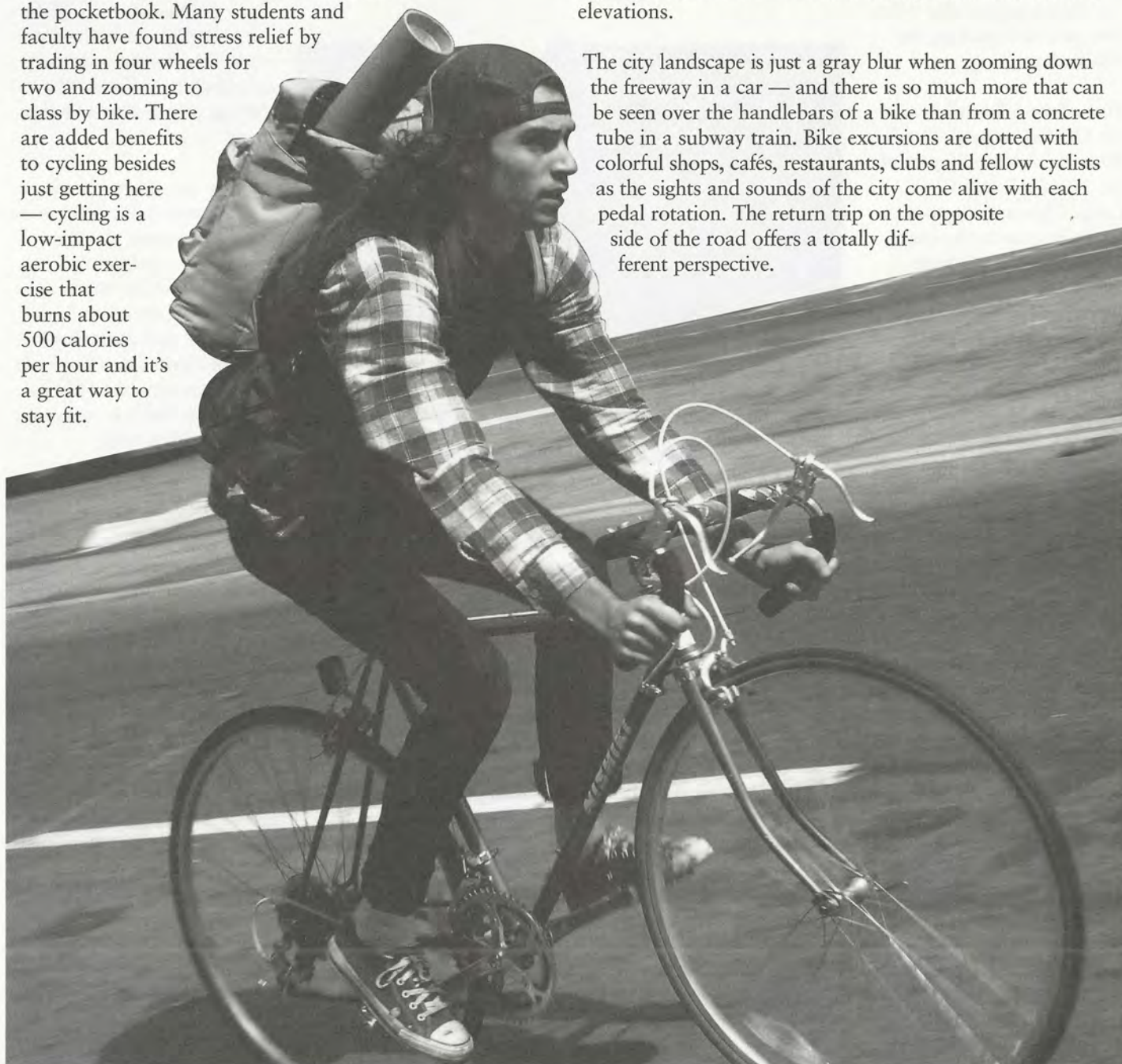


Photo by Francisca Rodriguez



**“If I didn’t ride my bike it would take me three buses to get to school. It only takes half an hour by bike.”**

**Jana Zanetto, CCSF ESL instructor**

Many bike paths are diverted through peaceful residential areas away from the noise and traffic, allowing time for quiet reflection.

Some bike commuters mix up their route with Bay Area Rapid Transit. BART allows bikes on the trains that aren’t crowded. Laura A. Timothy, Access Program Administrator for BART, recommends picking up a copy of the train schedule at the station or online. There are also bike racks and lockers available at BART stations, and the Embarcadero also offers free attended parking via Bikestation.

One of the bike routes to the Ocean campus, the 45-70 route, is actually part of the 30-mile Scenic City Loop. This snaking route is an alternative to the heavy traffic on Cesar Chavez Street and San Jose Avenue. At the end of Valencia, the route veers right onto Tiffany. Follow the official bike route signs to Chenery, Diamond, Monterey, Circular, Hearst, Jennessee, Judson and wiggle your way up and around to the Phelan Campus. You can plan your route ahead of time online with the 511.org Bike Mapper. Try the route on a day off or well before class to make sure there is enough time to get to your destination. If you get lost you can dial 511 for directions.

For those in a hurry, cycling to school is a great alternative. Jana Zanetto, a CCSF ESL instructor who lives in the outer Sunset, has been cycling to City College for 25 years. “If I didn’t ride my bike it would take me three buses to get to school,” she said, “It only takes half an hour by bike.” The lack of parking on campus is also a factor. With the construction going on, it can take up to 20 minutes to get a parking spot. Zanetto’s route is the 45th Ave., Sloat, and Ocean route, marked as bike routes 50 & 84 on the map.

Zanetto, a dedicated road warrior, has seen her share of accidents. “One of the biggest problems is the road surface,” she says. Three years ago, while cruising downhill, she hit a bump in the road. “That’s all I remember. The rest was a blur. I just remember falling in slow motion.”

Potholes are often invisible, especially at night, unless they are spray-painted with a bright color. They can be a cyclist’s nightmare. When a bike lane was added to the street where she had the accident, Zanetto’s ride became much safer. She remains enthusiastic about cycling and looks forward to her bike touring excursions in foreign countries. She has toured places such as Indonesia and Asia and says it is her favorite way to vacation. Aside from a good helmet, one of her essentials is a rear-view mirror.



*Jana Zanetto, an ESL instructor who lives in the outer Sunset has been cycling to City College for 25 years.*

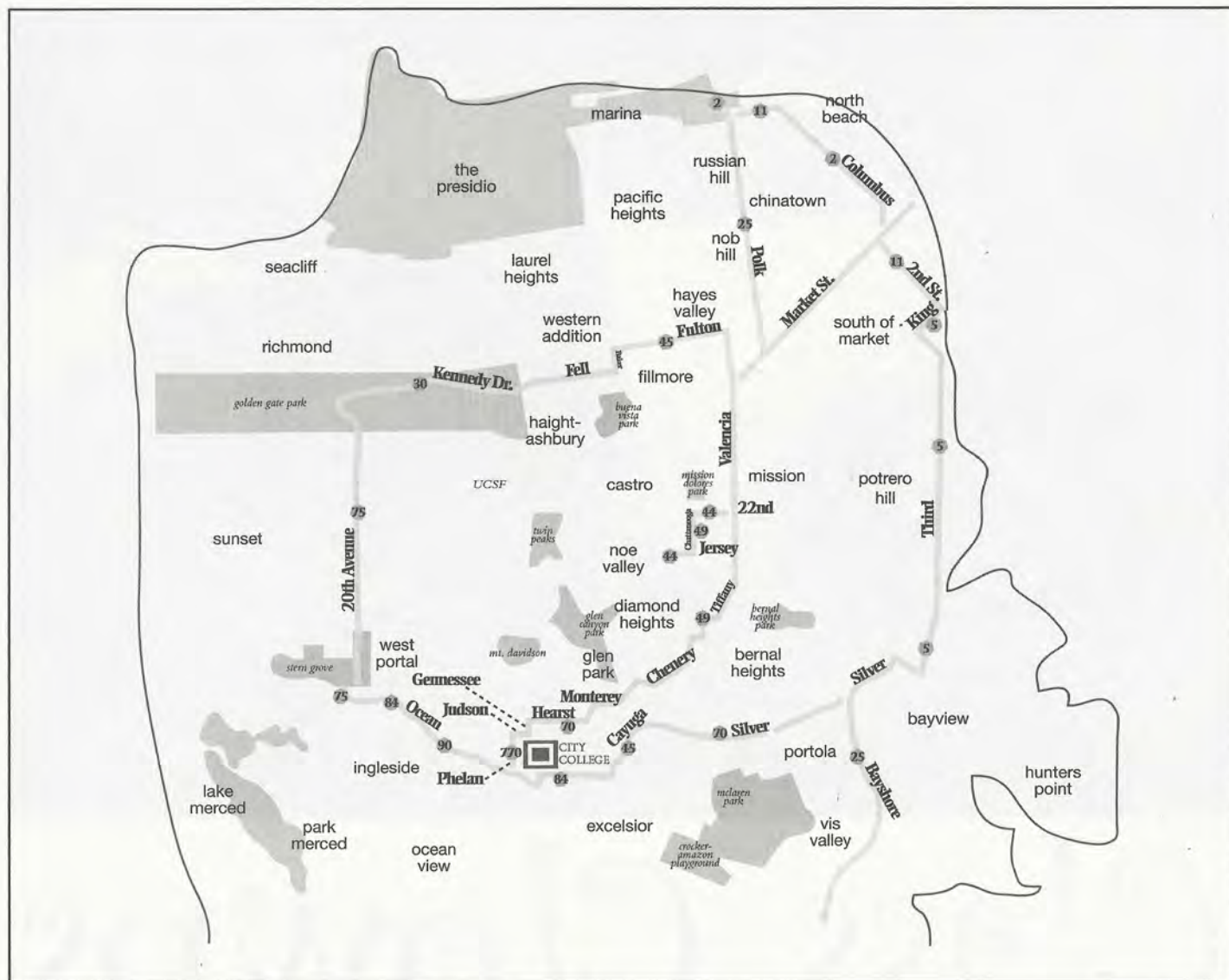
Lynn Schneider, a CCSF faculty member and new convert, says her favorite part of riding her bike is “the feeling of freedom and the wind on my face.”

In case you are worried about getting bike grease on your new jeans, she has some great fashion tips to share. Schneider wears athletic biking attire on her commute and packs her school clothes and books in the panniers, a set of bags especially made to drape over the bike rack.

Schneider’s commute consists of taking BART from the East Bay to the Glen Park station, and biking from there. Arriving on campus, parking is not an issue — there are at least seven bike racks in convenient locations on the Phelan Campus. Enrolled in gym classes, she has the convenience of using the lockers, dressing rooms and showers on campus to slip out of her athletic gear into more studious attire. Schneider recommends wearing the proper colored clothing, red on the back and white on the front, for a safe and illuminating evening commute.

One of the more challenging trips is the route to the Southeast Campus at 1800 Oakdale Avenue and the Evans Campus near Hunters Point. There are very few dedicated bike lanes and the street traffic is heavy. From downtown, you can take Route 5, to Third Street, Phelps and Evans. This route takes you through the industrial area where several parts of the city are still under construction. To get there from the Ocean Campus, take Ocean east to Cayuga, then Silver to Oakdale. Puncture-resistant liners for your tires are recommended.





Information provided by The San Francisco Bike Map & Walking Guide 8th Edition, SF Gate Maps, and City College of San Francisco

Alemany, Bayshore, Cesar Chavez and Oakdale are all known trouble spots for cyclists. The San Francisco Bicycle Coalition is working on making this connection safer as part of the Citywide Bike Network. One way they plan to do this is by implementing traffic projects called "road diets," where part of the road is dedicated to bicycle traffic. The end result is slower traffic speeds and increased safety for both cyclists and pedestrians. It would also increase interest in bicycle commuting.

Leah Shahum, Executive Director of the SFBC, is hoping to see more of these road diets implemented. When the bike lanes were striped on Polk Street several years ago, she says, there was a drop in collisions involving cars, bikes and pedestrians and a 40 percent increase in cycling. For Arguello, it was a 67 percent increase, and for Valencia, a whopping 144 percent increase.

"Our goal is to nearly triple the number of bike commuters by 2010, to reach 10 percent of trips in the city by

bike," Shahum said, adding that "it would make the city safer, healthier and more livable, with a decreased dependency on oil."

By reducing the amount of car trips, in effect we are also reducing the amount of pollution that gets into our air. It's no secret that many cyclists are also environmentalists at heart.

James Bauer, an avid cyclist who competed in the 2005 Giro Di San Francisco, is very passionate about cycling as a healing way to save the environment. "I live in a one car family and do not need two cars," he says. "I ride for the environment to limit my CO<sup>2</sup> output." He used cycling to overcome a knee injury sustained from skateboarding several years ago and now competes in races on a regular basis.

"Cycling is freedom to go wherever I want...it keeps me lean and young. Life without cycling is life without life."





# Class Clowns

**B**ehind the double doors of a supply room, Peggy Ford sifts through racks of leotards, multi-colored skirts and striped pants. Juggling pins, stilts and oversized red shoes spill out of boxes on the floor. At this school, clowning around is serious business.

The Clown Conservatory, a program housed within the Circus Center across the street from Kezar Stadium, is the only year-long circus clown training program in the United States.

As Circus Center director Peggy Ford puts it, "Students don't just taste it, they get it."

Most professional clowns learn their  
24 • fall 2005

*Story by Christi Chidester  
Photos by Peter Varshavsky*

trade by enrolling in a two-week intensive training program, or by mentoring with a working professional to build a character or their act. What makes the conservatory unique is its intensive, university-like structure. Students audition for first-year training (September – June), which requires 18 hours of classes per week, 10-20 hours of individual rehearsals and practice, and a monthly performance hosted by the school.

Students are invested in making a serious career of clowning around in the small 15 to 20-student program. Tuition for the school costs \$8,200 a year. Although not an accredited

college program, the school is inching closer through a partnership with New College of California, a progressive school located in the Mission District. Students enrolled at both schools are eligible for discounts and college credit toward a degree through New College. Currently, it is not possible to earn a clowning degree, although the methods taught at the conservatory are strikingly similar to programs focused on theater performance.

Despite the similar teaching methods, the classes at the conservatory are far from the typical college course. In their first year, students take classes like Acrobatics, Core Clowning, Body Awareness, Dance, Circus Skills and Mime. Students are also encouraged





to take other courses in the Circus Center that might serve useful in their performances, such as Hula-Hoop or Juggling.

The conservatory puts a strong emphasis on linking with the community. The school performs free at a number of community festivals and events. Students from the conservatory also frequently visit children at San Francisco General Hospital. The school has formed a partnership with the hospital's "Cares Program," which serves pediatric cancer patients.

Since its founding in the Fall of 2000,



*Opposite page: Emilie Rosanvallon, a second year student at the Clown Conservatory.*

*Below and bottom: Ajina, a first year student, resting and rehearsing.*

*Far left: Conservatory graduates clowning at dress rehearsal.*

*Left: Rosanvallon and Cole Harrison applying makeup for a performance.*



the conservatory has attracted students from all parts of the world.

They come to San Francisco for the renowned program and many form their own little families here — families they make into troupes to perform beyond the institution doors.

Emily Rosanvallon, originally from Paris, came to the conservatory after obtaining her bachelor's degree in sociology and philosophy at Vassar College. Her sociology thesis on the role of circus performers in social change sparked her interest in learning clowning herself.

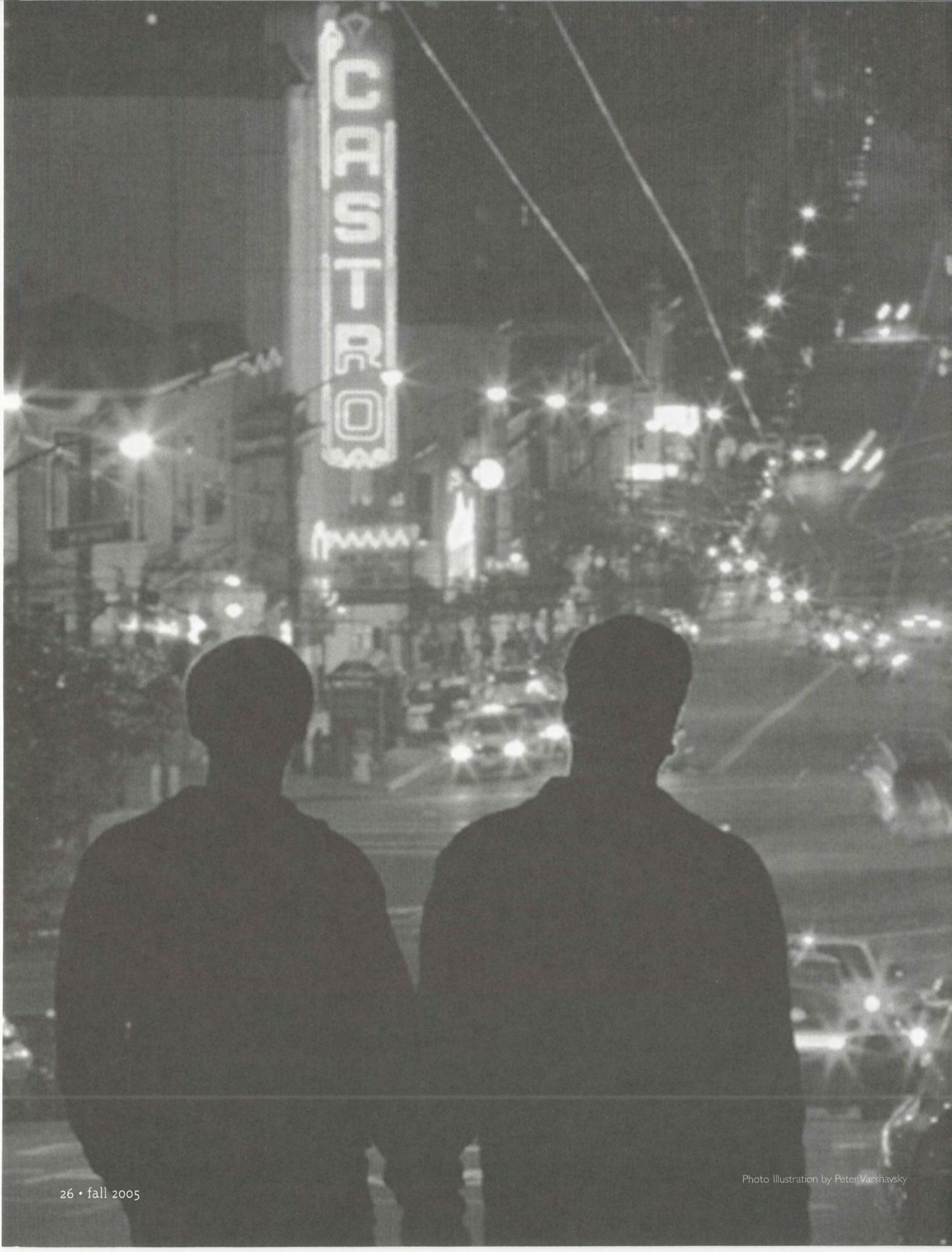
Rosanvallon completed her first year and teamed up with classmates Z Smith, Molly Shannon, Luz Gaxiola and Verka Zaskadona to form their own troupe, Useless Circus. The students opted to enroll in the second year training program at the school as an ensemble.

"This way we get coaching on our act," Rosanvallon said.

Rosanvallon and the Useless Circus are looking forward to completing their training, and touring and performing outside of San Francisco, with their own collection of face paints and overflowing sacks of props. ♣









# New Gay Migration

By Bonnie Zavadil Macaraig

As he filled out his federal government job application, all Allen had in mind was getting as far away from his hometown, Kansas City, Missouri, as he possibly could.

Chris felt the same about Newport News, Virginia.

And Barry hated his hometown Sawyersville, Missouri, so much that he never wanted to return.

It's no coincidence that they all ended up in San Francisco. They thought it would be their mecca. For a time it was.

Since the '70s, when Harvey Milk was elected to the Board of Supervisors as the first openly gay person in public office, the city has been a haven for people like Allen, Chris and Barry.

"The Bay Area is the No. 1 metropolitan area for gay and lesbian couples in the nation," the San Francisco Chronicle reported in 2000.

However, in 1999 San Francisco started experiencing a reverse trend — gays began leaving. According to the Health Department's 2004 AIDS Prevention Plan the reasons were obvious — the high cost of housing and an overly competitive job market.

Allen, Chris and Barry's motivation was different. They got what they came for — acceptance. And that's why they left. They discovered that life isn't just about housing, jobs or sexual orientation.

They wanted more. Each man found it

in the hometown he fled.

## **Allen Mansell Kansas City, Missouri**

From early childhood Allen was raised on a weekly dose of hell, fire and damnation at his rural Southern Baptist church. With blue eyes, blond hair and a frame built for a formal suit and tie, he fit the Baptist profile. His only problem was that he liked guys. Allen dated girls, attended a strict Southern Baptist College, and even considered reparative therapy — a Christian approach toward setting gay men straight. But nothing worked.

He tried to build a life in Kansas City. There was already a large gay subculture in his hometown. But, as long as he stayed in the community that condemned him, he felt the pressure to act straight. When the government offered him a job in San Francisco, he welcomed the opportunity to live an openly gay lifestyle.

Within a month of arriving, Allen met his partner, Bruce Bowen. "(It) was the first time I was loved for who I was," he says. For six months life was great. Then Bruce, who had AIDS, died of kidney failure and Allen unraveled. He turned to drugs and the gay party scene. Relationships were restricted to "hook-ups."

"I became a workaholic by day, but at night I went wild. I had no boundaries, but after two years I realized that you can't have both love and a life out of control," he says.

After years of therapy, Allen no longer allowed others to define him. He came

out to his family. They accepted him, and still love him.

After living in San Francisco, he recognized that the prejudice he experienced growing up originated from his failure to accept his own homosexuality.

"How others feel about the gay issue," he says, "doesn't matter to me any longer."

Family, music, and a big home on a lot of land do matter. In November of 2005, Allen returned home.

## **Chris Wright Newport News, Virginia**

Chris knew he was gay. At seven, he says his nightly prayer was, "Please God don't let me like boys." Tall and handsome with a deep voice, he didn't fit the stereotype. Homosexuals were considered "weird and freakish" in his hometown. The only homosexual he knew in high school wore jewelry and carried a purse. "Seeing him," he says, "only scared me about the prospect of actually being gay."

In his third year at college he started going to gay bars. But, after playing it straight for so long, he had a hard time coming out to friends and family. When a job opened in his company's San Francisco office, he transferred.

He found the city refreshing. He loved the fog, the food, and everything gay. He felt accepted — and ready to tell his family.

"I knew that my mom's family suspected I was gay, so coming out to them wasn't a shock. I still never discuss my

"There's something special about being gay in a city that's not gay that disappears when you become 'just another queer' living in the Castro."

— Chris Wright





*Allen Mansell is leaving an 800 square-foot San Francisco loft for a 3,000 square-foot Kansas City, Missouri house.*

sexuality with my dad and brother, but I'm comfortable living it in front of them," he says.

After five years in San Francisco, Chris realized that "in some ways it was 'too gay' for me. There's something special about being gay in a city that's not gay that disappears when you become 'just another queer' living in the Castro." Besides, he missed his family and friends. "I needed the opportunity to spend quality time with (them) rather than race through the circuit during a yearly visit." After three years back home, Chris has a condo, a new niece and no regrets.

### **Barry York, St. Louis, Missouri**

If there were a list of the 10 worst places to grow up gay, Barry is sure his hometown, Sawyersville, just 40 miles outside St. Louis, would be on it. "It was so homophobic in the 1980s that if you were gay there, the only person you could come out to was yourself." He attended college in southern Illinois, then settled in St. Louis. To all but a few close friends, he was a big, bearded straight man. Then in 1984, he moved to San Francisco — a safe place to come out.

"I began to let people accept me as a gay man," he says. His epiphany came on a street corner when some kids yelled epithets at him, and he laughed it off. "I realized then, that

when you expect people to treat you correctly, they will."

In 1989 Barry returned to St. Louis as a gay man. His family was supportive. His sister says she always knew. "He's my brother and I love him. I just wanted him to be happy," says Kathryn Lewis. Openly gay in his hometown, Barry says he's experiencing the best of both worlds.

### **No Place Like Home**

According to a Chronicle story on the 2000 Census, Allen, Chris and Barry are not alone. "Gay and lesbian couples have spilled out of the closet all over the country since 1990," showing up in 99.2 percent of the 2,418 counties surveyed in the 2000 census. A recent L.A. Times report indicates that this demographic will be a driving force in shifting public opinion and promoting legal issues affecting gays.

"Scholars describe the dynamic of social acceptance as self-accelerating — the more gays come out of the closet, the more heterosexuals come to know gays and feel more tolerant toward them; in turn, the greater atmosphere of tolerance allows more gays to come out," the L.A. Times reported.

Allen agrees. "On some level we all feel like we don't belong," he says. "If a gay person can reconcile that, (then heterosexuals can) as well." ¶



# San Francisco's Ethnic Dance Festival

From Page 13

in an ancient form called Zambra. Marrying the percussive strength of flamenco and the interpretive nature of belly dance, they created a new interpretation of a very old form.

"She did the percussion with her heels and I interpreted that with my hips and zills," Parker said. The performance was a staff and audience favorite.

In the weeks leading up to the festival, Parker describes an air of camaraderie among the performers, bristling with an energetic hustle and bustle feeling. The children backstage are excited to perform at such a big event. "Then once you're there, you feel like you've spent all this time working like a dog," Parker said, "and it's documented and on camera, so if you're ever going to screw it up, don't do it now."

Parker has taken her troupe to audition a few pieces, but UltraGypsy never got in. "They're just not interested in innovative, thought provoking, sexual, sensual dance," she said, but Parker acknowledges that World Arts West promotes dance that preserves underexposed and traditional styles, some verging on extinction.

Despite not making it into the performance, the experience was not a loss. "It's stressful," Parker says, "but it can push your work pretty intensely. It only helped us in the end. It pushed us to create things that we were only thinking about. It helped us grow as a company, and it helped me grow as a director."

Felicite Tchaco, a CCSF student, also appreciates the importance of hard work. Known as Fely (pronounced fell-ee) to her fans, the singer, songwriter and dancer will be auditioning this year, and hopes to bring the Zouli mask dance to the festival from her native Gouro tribe of Cote d'Ivoire on the west coast of Africa.



Gail Barton, CCSF's dance department chair, teaches seniors at the Phelan campus.



Photos by Peter Varshavsky

CCSF student Felicity Tchaco plans to audition with her Zouli mask dance.

The Zouli mask dance that Fely wants to bring to the festival is a departure from the music she usually performs — this particular Gouro tribal dance has been danced only by men for

## 2006 Ethnic Dance Festival

Auditions (open to public):  
San Francisco State University's  
McKenna Theater  
January 14&15, 21&22

2006 Ethnic Dance Festival:  
Palace of Fine Arts Theater  
The festival begins this June.

For more information, contact:

World Arts West  
Fort Mason Center  
Phone: 415-474-3914  
Fax: 415-474-3922  
Web: [www.worldartswest.org](http://www.worldartswest.org)  
E-mail: [info@worldartswest.org](mailto:info@worldartswest.org)

thousands of years, though the Zouli mask is female. The mask embodies a competitive and beautiful goddess. The tall, elaborate wooden mask entirely covers her chiseled features, leaving her long limbs to evoke the story. She's looking forward to auditioning her mask dance at the Ethnic Dance Festival this January. ☺



# San Francisco Day Tour

From Page 15

Haight and Ashbury, where Janice Joplin, the Grateful Dead and even Jimi Hendrix passed through in their search for peace and love.

## 1:30 p.m. Buena Vista Park

Retrieve the bike and begin the eastern ascent up Haight Street. This climb is complimented by Buena Vista Park on the right. Give yourself an extra 20 minutes to walk into the park. The surrounding cypress, eucalyptus and pine trees were planted in 1867. At the top of this hillside park, there is an excellent view of USF's St. Ignatius steeples, the Panhandle, the bay and the downtown skyline. Back on Haight, the road moves quickly downhill toward Market Street. Turn left on Market.

## 2:00 p.m. Powell and Market

The traffic choked ride along Market Street leads to Powell Street. Lock the bike in a visible area and allow some time to stroll through the madness of Powell and Market. Gaze up Powell, ogle the enormous Abercrombie and Fitch model posters across the street. Pay a dollar or two to play the homeless in an intense game of chess. Or enjoy the tap dancing of Edward Jackson, who has set up a 4' by 4' plywood tap dancing floor for more than 5 years at the cable car turntable. He can be seen most days from 9:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

## 3:00 p.m. Museum Of Modern Art

Moving east on Market, turn right on 4th Street. Pedal a block to Mission Street and turn left. The Metreon entertainment complex leads to the Yerba Buena Gardens, a green oasis in the middle of buildings. Walk the bike east through the park to 3rd Street. The modern brick and glass entrance of the well hidden MOMA is worth a gaze. The budget allows for the \$7 student entrance fee. It is money well spent. View photographer Alfred Steigleitz's "Dancing Trees," Henri Matisse's "Femme Au



*Rodin's Thinker, in the Legion of Honor's courtyard, is one of the dramatic stops for a cycling tour of the City.*

Photo by Mercedes Segesvary

Chapeau" or just stand in the lobby of the first west coast museum dedicated to 20th century art opened in 1935 and listen to the echoing sounds of languages from around the world.

## 5:30 p.m. Back to the Richmond

Time to make the trip back to our starting point. It's been a long day and the legs are tired after an estimated 6 mile ride, so grab the bike and take a nice level path east on Mission to The Embarcadero north. Turn left on Market, travel a couple blocks west and turn right on Drumm Street. Make a quick left on Sacramento and wait for the No. 1 California MUNI bus. The wait can be up to 20 minutes. As the bus pulls up, load the bike on the convenient bike carrier located at the front of the bus, pay the \$1.50 fare and hold on. It begins in the Financial District, moves through Chinatown, passes Lafayette Park, goes through Pacific Heights, Presidio Heights, the Inner Richmond and along side the Sea Cliff district. Request the 22nd and California Street exit.

## 7 p.m. Bazaar Café

Remove the bike, cross the street and backtrack half a block on California. It's Thursday evening and the 7-year-old Bazaar Café, located at 5927 California Street, is having its weekly open-mike. If you have musical talent, lock the bike out front and put your name on the list to perform. Don't worry about instruments. There is a piano and always a friendly guest willing to lend a guitar. But be prepared to come with original music as the owner, Les, will make it quite clear that there are no covers allowed. Tone deaf? No problem, order coffee, beer or an organic soup and enjoy the atmosphere. Visit the beautiful garden behind the café and strike up a conversation with one of the many regulars about astrology, machinery or George Bush.

## 10 p.m. Last Call

The café closed and a long day behind us, continue on home. A 15-hour day and two percent of the city's beauty covered — all for under \$30 dollars. Not bad! ☺



# Following Ayooob and Bishop into Bear Country

## From Page 9

He remembers the classes at City College being taught by down-to-earth instructors. "A lot of players had the same classes," he said. "We helped each other out a lot." Academics and football have always gone hand in hand for Bishop.

"I always knew after I passed my classes that I could play football," he said. "You can't have one without the other."

Bishop, who also lived at Hillcrest during his first year at City College, now lives by himself four blocks away from Berkeley's campus. "It's different being on my own," he said. "But it feels good to be more independent."

Bishop played prep football at Fairfield High School, and received All-State honors his senior year. After not being accepted to the University of Nevada-Reno, Bishop began practicing with the

Rams during the fall of 2002, earning a starting spot for the 2003 season.

"His level of talent was evident early," said Rams' head coach George Rush. "He earned his own spot."

After contributing to the Rams' undefeated title run in 2003, Bishop led the Rams' defense, comprised primarily of freshmen in 2004, allowing only 15.4 points per game. Bishop made 118 tackles that year and the Rams came a hair from winning a second consecutive national title.


Bishop left his former defensive teammates with a sense of competitive greatness.

"I told them when the going gets tough, the tough get going," Bishop said. "When the competition arises, you have to step up and rise to the occasion."

He was replaced on the Rams team by his younger brother Devin, who like his older brother, came into the program as a starter.

"I learned a lot from Desmond," Devin said. "He taught me quicker ways to get to the running back and a better way to take on offensive linemen using picks. They both work like a charm."

During Cal's bye week last Oct. 29, Bishop traveled to San Mateo to watch his alma mater beat the Bulldogs in their closest win of the season. Donning his City College letterman jacket, he wears a Rams' replica number 42 jersey underneath — the same number worn by his cousin, strong safety Curlee Bishop, who also plays for the Rams.

"I have to represent City College to the fullest," Bishop said. "Without City College, I wouldn't be where I am at right now." 

## Two Students Who Jumped off the Golden Gate Bridge


### From Page 6

and the other in September — at City College's Ram Plaza on the Ocean campus. Friends and faculty remembered Tolo by ceremoniously burning private poems and notes "to let them rise up with his spirit."

The services "were very helpful for closure," his aunt said. "We had not found his body. We couldn't have a funeral. It really eased my soul. Up until that point, I had been very sad. I couldn't talk about it. It was very painful. His jumping was so very painful."

"Tolo was such a teddy bear, smiling all the time, wanting a hug," she said.

"I don't know what drove him to it," she said. "You try to figure out the ideology — the why. You're 20 years old — what's so bad?"

The day he jumped, when he left his house in the Excelsior, Tolo lit a candle and told his grandmother to leave it lit for him. He never came back. 

## Suicide Risk Factors

- ☐ Previous suicide attempt(s)
- ☐ History of mental disorders, particularly depression
- ☐ History of alcohol and substance abuse
- ☐ Family history of suicide
- ☐ Family history of child maltreatment
- ☐ Feelings of hopelessness, impulsive or aggressive tendencies
- ☐ Loss (relationship, social, work, or financial)
- ☐ Easy access to lethal methods
- ☐ Unwillingness to seek help because of the stigma attached to mental health
- ☐ Isolation, a feeling of being cut off from other people

—From the National Center for Injury Prevention and Control

## Suicide Prevention

If you or someone you know may be thinking about suicide, please contact:

- San Francisco Suicide Prevention 24-hour Hotline: (415) 781-0500 or toll-free (800) SUICIDE
- City College Student Health Center has counselors on staff: (415) 239-3110
- The Psychiatric Foundation of Northern California supports public awareness of mental health issues. If you would like to help or learn more, e-mail them at: [info@pfnc.org](mailto:info@pfnc.org)



# Splat on a Map

By Bonnie Zavadil Macaraig

I am the ultimate frequent flyer, for business and pleasure. With L.A. and Vegas part of my daily commute, I've logged what seems like a million miles on airline flights. Many times, leaving was the last thing I wanted to do, because I had problems to deal with at home. While I was gone, my life was on hold — so I thought. But I began to notice that I always felt better when I returned.

Eventually, I discovered that when I least wanted to be on an airplane, an airplane was the best place for me. Somehow as I stepped off the jet way, a solution was waiting to greet me at the gate. Turns out these flights provide four simple steps to help me cope with the many tribulations facing me while my feet are planted on the ground. I call it

"Splat on a Map Therapy." All I need is the in-flight magazine featuring the airline's route map and marked destinations that resemble splats on a map. It works so well that there are times I actually look forward to leaving my family for a few days to sort out an issue preventing me from enjoying life.

Here are the steps:

1. **Get on a plane.** It doesn't matter what airline, destination or purpose of your trip. The only requirement is that before you proceed to step two you must be at least 30,000 feet above the source of your problem.
2. **Pull out the in-flight magazine and go directly to the map that shows the airline's destinations.** Warning: do not stop at the article chronicling some celebrity's vacation. It will only depress you more. I once read how a celebrity recommended that vacationers should never worry about how much they spend. According to this A-lister, they should simply

save extra money before going. I guess when you are worth \$20 million you forget that most people have to scrimp and save all year just to afford plane tickets and a hotel room. The stress of saving is probably the reason you need this therapy in the first place.

Better yet, start at the back of the airline magazine, where all the airline stuff is located. Some airlines have actual splats to designate their destinations, but a little black dot will do. When you find the map, look for the closest splat to where your world of problems lie.

3. **Note how small your splat is in relation to the whole map.**

4. **Now, count how many other splats are on the map in addition to yours.** Most maps list hundreds of destinations — stateside. Add a few hundred more if you turn to the page that shows the destinations abroad. Every splat identifies a location with a million people, all with problems of their own. Your drama is just one of a billion sagas played out every day on this planet. Pick a place like New Orleans and just imagine what everyone who claims that splat is dealing with.

Concentrate long enough and you will soon be able to put your world into a clearer perspective than you ever could while on the ground in midst of the muddle. Enveloped in your fog of frustration, it can seem like you have no way out. Every move just draws the fog in thicker.

Somehow looking at it through a 30,000-mile-high lens gives you a flash of clarity to recognize that your problem isn't an uncontrollable beast ready to consume you. It's like the moment a child turns on a bedroom light to reveal that the monster lurking behind the dresser is just a jersey flung over the mirror.

Unfortunately, when we grow up our monsters become harder to expose. But no matter how big yours seems to be — it will always fit into a splat on a map. ☺

Concentrate long enough and you will soon be able to put your world into a clearer perspective than you ever could while on the ground in midst of the muddle.



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A black and white photograph of a man's profile, looking out over a bridge. The man's face is in the foreground, slightly out of focus, with his ear and jawline clearly visible. He is wearing a dark shirt. In the background, a large suspension bridge with a tall pylon and cables is visible, spanning a body of water. The scene is hazy, suggesting a distant or elevated vantage point.

**etc.**  
magazine

## **After the Fall**

**Students who jumped  
off the bridge**